URBANA UNION.

"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

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Poetry for the Hour.

OCTOBER—MARCH.

See the maple, decked in red,
Zouave-like erect its head;
And the feathered golden-rod,
Martial by the road fence nod:
And the gartot's blood-ripe stem
Crowned with purple diadem,
Redden with a battle gloom
In the ripple of the stream;
While the voices of the boughs
Whisper low—"arouse, arouse!—
Out of the wood
Ere Winter's flood
Turns earth to mud!"

In the crisp October air
Sounds a far-off mystic blare,
As of bugles deftly played
To some trooping cavalcade
The cock-grouse to his paramour
Appeals with sonorous tambour,
And the fierce thorn-apple from its stalk
Seems ripe of bloody spurs to talk,
As from the red oak and the larch
A myriad voice cries—"Forward, march!"
The fleeting sound
O'er the sky of blood
Bodes the storm and the flood!"

—*Vanity Fair.*

Our Story-Teller.

AUNT MIRIAM'S ADVENTURES.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

EVENING had closed darkly round the little brown farm-house in the hollow; gray November night-fall and the wild Niagara of crimson sunset fire had poured its flaming tides long since into the great unseen chalice of splendor that lies hidden somewhere beyond the western horizon line—the monumental urn where untombed alike, the days crowned with roses, and those baptised in tears. There was no sound without, save the branches of the huge sycamore tree chafing uneasily against the moss-enameled roof, and the plaining wind among the brown and scarlet drifts of leaves that carpeted every dingle of the woods. Within, the red bricks of the hearth had been swept until they shone as if carved in coral, and the many tongues of flame danced and crackled among the gigantic logs like a band of elfin sprites. The cricket that harbored somewhere in the chimney corner had commenced his vesper, and Aunt Miriam Fenner's brisk knitting needles shone and glanced in the fire-light as she sat there in an old-fashion cap-border and spectacles, looking *almost* as pretty—so Uncle Peter thought—as she used to look in the days when he came sparking, and was want to contemplate the evolutions of her gleaming needles while he considered what it was best to say next!

Nobody would have suspected Peter of any such romantic meditation, as he sat there sorting out seed corn and packages of blue beans on his round table, and labeling them with portentous deliberation! So little do we know what is passing in one another's minds!

There was a third person, sitting in the red hearth glow, however; a young man of about twenty-four years of age, with dark brown hair and eyes to correspond, who amused himself by tantalizing Aunt Miriam's kitten with the good old lady's ball of yarn—the animal, like all the rest of her sex, becoming more and more anxious for the wooly sphere the higher it was held!

"So you've really made up your mind to get married, James—do stop teasing that kitten!" said the old lady, with a constrained voice.

"Yes, Aunt Miriam; it isn't good for man to be alone, you know."

There was a silence again. James Arnett wound and unwound his yarn very unnecessarily; Uncle Peter eyed his seed-peas thoughtfully, and Mrs. Fenner knit energetically on, with pursed-up lips and a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"Aunt Miriam, I wish you could see Millicent," said the young man at length.

"I can't say I have any desire to see your city young ladies, James," said Aunt Miriam, coldly; they're too fine spun for an old woman like me. White hands and piano playin' may be very grand—I dare say it is—but it don't suit *my* taste."

"But, Aunty, I am sure you would like her. Come now, do be reasonable, and go over to Squire Brownell's with me to-night; she is spending a week at her grandfather's, and she would be so much gratified to see you!"

"Thank you, I ain't curious on the subject," responded Aunt Miriam, primly. "Only I heerd that Miss Brownell had a bad stroke of rheumatis, and I don't see how she gets along to wait on her new-fangled grand-darter!"

"I can't understand why you are so prejudiced against poor Millicent, Aunt Miriam," said the young man, uneasily. "I won't disguise from you that it makes me very unhappy to think of marrying without the approval of one who has been a mother to me; and yet."—

"And yet you're determined to go your gait: that's the plain English of it, Jame," said Aunt Miriam. "Well, I s'pose you can do without my consent; you'll never get it, anyhow!" And she poked the fire vigorously as the old clock began to strike.

"Seven o'clock!" ejaculated James, starting up, "and I promised to be at the Post-office by this time. There's to be a meeting about the minister's Thanksgiving donation party, you know, Uncle Peter! Bless me, I didn't imagine how late it was."

And, with a gay parting nod to his aunt, he disappeared.

"There he goes—as good a boy as ever lived," said Uncle Peter; "but I guess afore the evenin' comes to an end, he'll contrive to get round to Squire Brownell's Miriam, you may as well say yes to that affair, at once; he's determined to marry the gal, rings and city fashions and all.

"I wish we'd never sent him to college in New York," sighed Mrs. Fenner; "then he would not have come across this city sweetheart."

"Then he'd ha' come across somebody else; so it's as broad as it is long," remarked Uncle Peter, philosophically.

"Yes, but it might have been a smart stirring gal who knew how to keep house, not a useless toy, good for nothin' but to hang gay clothes on. I tell you, Peter, I can't approve of it, no how."

Uncle Peter whistled "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound," and returned once more to the contemplation of his melon seeds and corn kernels.

Nine o'clock; the fire covered with a mound of brown ashes; the cricket chirping drowsily, and Uncle Peter snoring melodiously from an inner room, still Mrs. Fenner sat there mechanically playing her knitting needles, yet unconscious that the kitten was frisking about, and hopelessly entangled her precious ball of homespun yarn—deaf and blind to everything but her own thoughts.

"I wonder," she began, and then stopped. "After all," she mentally resumed the next minute, "there can't be any harm in it, if I just slip on my hood and shawl and go through the orchard path, across to Squire Brownell's. Not that I'd go in—not a bit of it; but I'd merely take a peep in at the keepin' room window as I went past. I would like to see what sort of a face it was that has bewitched James so completely; but he must never be any the wiser for it?"

She pondered a second or two longer, then rose hurriedly, extinguished the little candle that stood in a shining brass candlestick on the mantle, listened to Peter's snores, and muffling a shawl round her head, withdrew the bolt of the kitchen door, and crept out into starless gloom of the November night!

It was but a short distance, under the branches of the gnarled old apple trees and into the turnpike road. Aunt Miriam felt a little conscience-stricken as she lifted the wicket of Squire Brownell's gate, and stole noiselessly up the chrysanthemum bordered walk; she couldn't help wondering what Elder Oliver would say if he were to become aware that she, the sagest old lady in the congregation, were prowling about here like a thief in the dark.

"It's all for James's sake," said the venerable dame, under her breath, as she pushed aside the great sweetbrier that hung over the panes, and peeped slyly into the window.

Mrs. Brownell sat in a big arm-chair by the fire, her feet swathed in flannel; the squire was smoking his pipe over a three-days old newspaper; and before a pine table, at the other end of the room, stood a rosycheeked girl of perdaps seventeen, the sleeves of her crimson merino dress rolled up above a pair of exquisitely dimpled elbows, and her hands buried in a wooden tray of flour, engaged, in fact, in the operation which housekeepers call "setting a sponge." So much at home did she seem in the culinary art, that Aunt Miriam said to herself, very decidedly, "*This* can't be the city visitor; I wonder where she is?" when her doubts were all dispelled by Mrs. Brownell's voice:

"Millicent, I wish you'd write out the receipt for the cake you made for tea—I don't see where you learned to be so handy about the house!"

"Why, grandmamma!" said the young lady gaily, you seem to forget that my mother was educated under your eye. She does not believe that French and music are everything a girl needs to learn. Now do put those stocking down—I'll see that they are duly mended, by and by."

Aunt Miriam turned away from the window more bewildered than ever, but with a very satisfied feeling stirring under the heap of prejudices that had filled her kind old heart. If this were the much talked of Millicent, things might not be so very bad, after all. And Milly worked away at her sponge, the merry smiles dimpling over her face, utterly unconcious of the audience of "*one*" who was now contemplating a retreat.

But the adventures of the night were not at a close. As Aunt Miriam groped her way towards the path, lamenting the pitchy darkness of the night, and the crackling of the crisp leaves as her not very elastic foot shuffled through them, every pulse in her frame came to a sudden pause of terror, as a pair of muscular arms were thrown round her, and a mustache came in contact with her cheek. Such a kiss—Aunt Miriam could not remember its like since the day when Peter Fenner courted the beauty of the village. In vain she struggled breathless to escape—whoever the individual might be, he didn't do things by halves, and evidently had no disposition to relinquish his prize.

"My darling little Milly! how did you know I was coming to night?"

Then come another kiss, before Aunt Miriam could explain, in satified accents—

"James Arnett, are you crazy? do let go of me, and behave like a sensible creature!"

The arms unclasped with electric speed.

"Aunt Miriam? how on earth—"

"Hush! dont speak above your breath! There now—if you're going to laugh like that, you'll raise the town!"

"I—I can't help it, Aunt Miriam," gasped James, clinging to the gate-post, and vainly trying to check the gusts of laughter that would come. "What will Uncle Peter say? Who would have expected to find Mrs. Fenner, Vice-President of the Dorcas Society?"

"James, hold your tongue, if you don't want me to box your ears. And if you breath a word of this to any living soul—"

"Well, I won't aunty—I won't upon my word; only the whole affair is so supremely ridiculous."

"Nonsense," said Aunt Miriam, slipping through the gate. "There, you needn't turn back with me, you silly boy. Go in and see Milly—I know that's what you prefer. And Jamie—"

"Well, Aunt Miriam."

"I've changed my mind about that little Milly of yours. I don't believe you can find a prettier wife, or a better, so settle matters as soon as you please, and we'll see whether your old Aunt Miriam has forgotten how to make wedding cake."

"But are you in earnest, aunt?"

"Never was more so in my life."

"What has altered your convictions? surely I may ask that one question?"

"That isn't at all to the purpose, young man. But remember, not a word of this ridiculous adventure."

"You know how to administer bribes, Aunt Miriam," said the youth gayly, as he enfolded the old lady in his arms, and gave her yet a third kiss.

Through the starless darkness she hurried under the wind tossed apple trees, and beneath the friendly shadow of her own porch, where Uncle Peter's snores yet resounded like muffled trumpets.

"What makes you so late, wife?" demanded a drowsy voice from the inner apartment, as she glided around, replacing shawls and wrappers. "I've been as fast asleep as a dormouse, I do believe—but I did think I heard the click of the bolt."

"It must have been the kitten among the tin pans," quoth Aunt Miriam—the nearest approach to a fib she ever indulged in, before or after.

And in subsequent life, when the firm conviction seized her, that James Arnett had imparted her secret—in strict confidence of course—to his pretty wife, she consoled herself by saying mentally:

"Well, I don't care if he has—for my part, I shall always be glad of my peep into Squire Brownell's window."

All Sorts of Good Reading.

REBEL CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Frederick (Md.) Examiner.

A FRIEND, who visited the battle-fields of South Mountain and Antietam soon after the terrible conflicts, picked up numerous letters and papers belonging to the rebels, and has furnished us the following, as illustrative of the opinions and feelings of the rebel troops in reference to the rebellion and the invasion of Maryland. The originals may be seen by any who are curious on the subject upon applying to us for reference.

The first letter was written by a member of the Fifth Alabama Regiment on the day before the great battle. It breathes the accent of patriotism, and is characterized by a lofty moral sentiment. For obvious reasons we suppress the names:

IN CAMP, September 16, 1862.

MY DEAREST PARENTS: I once more sit down to drop you a few lines this pleasant morning. I am still in the land of the living, thanks to God, and in tolerable health. I had a severe attack of the diarrhœa from eating green corn on our march, but am now getting over it. We have had some very hard times since I wrote to you last; we have had hard marching and but little to eat. I often thought of home and its comforts, and compared them with my present hardships. But it is useless to complain; there are no kind hearts here to pity, and no father's words of consolation, no mother's look of sympathy, no brothers to share our burdens, and no kind sister to console us in our sorrows. Oh, how I miss the social endearments of home! I never could fully appreciate all the blessings of a good home until I entered camp.

If it were not for the consolation of religion I do not know how I should be able to bear up under it, but whenever I feel oppressed I fly to my Bible, and there I can always find consolation. Dear mother, you do not know how much I have been comforted from the dear little Bible you gave me when I left home, and how much I have thought of your parting advice. There is so much wickedness in camp; almost every moment you hear some one taking God's name in vain. I am so sick of camp life; I wish I were out of it; I have no heart in this war. How many thousands of poor creatures are hurled unprepared into the presence of their Maker! A soldier, of all men, should live close to God, and yet it seems to me they never think of dying, although their comrades fall all around them. We had a severe fight on Sunday; our regiment was cut up terribly. I was sick and was not in the fight. They say it was awful; our men fell back with great loss; our company is nearly all killed or wounded; the slaughter was terrible. It is generally thought we will have much hard fighting soon, as the Yankees are close after us.

I have had many chances to desert since we have been in Maryland, but my pride will not permit me. Although I was always opposed to this war, and think it was begun without good cause, and only to gratify the ambition of broken politicians, yet I cannot bear the disgrace of being called a deserter. Besides I could not come home to see my dear parents and brothers and sisters any more; so I think I will try to stick it out, and trust my life in the hands of my Heavenly Father, and if it should be His divine will that we are never to meet again on earth, we have His promise of a happy meeting beyond this vale of tears, where brother will no longer war with brother, and death will never come; but I would love to be at home with you all once more.

When I think over it, it seems as though it cannot be that we are separated; I often dream of home and the loved ones I left behind me. When I came over the mountains a few days ago I stopped and looked down on the beautiful fields and the happy farm houses and cattle grazing, and none of the desolating marks of war was here; I then could not restrain the falling tear, as I compared the happy land before me with the desolate appearance of my own loved native land and the parts of Virginia we came thro'gh. You have no idea of the horrors of war; language cannot describe it; men seem to live and die without a thought of God or eternity—many with a terrible oath of blasphemy in their mouth, going right into the presence of a holy God with horrid curses and imprecations on their tongues. May the merciful Lord have pity upon their poor souls and save them from the gnawing worm that never dies.

There is much more Union sentiment here than we expected to find. I think our officers are sadly disappointed with their reception here, although they do not say much. I do not think the people of Maryland generally wish to cast their destiny in our hands. There are many who wish us well, whilst but few will come forward to assist us. I think our leaders have been greatly deceived by misrepresentations as to the true sentiment of the people here. They are not with us.

Dear father, when you write again please send me some post stamps and a couple of dollars in gold, as our money will not pass here, and if I had a little good money I could get many little things I want, as things are cheap here if I only had the right sort of money. If you have a chance you may send me $50 or $60, if you can get United States or Northern money, and I can get clothing here much cheaper than at the South, but don't send it in a letter, as I may not get it; perhaps some one will be coming up shortly and then you can send it with safety.

Give my love to all inquiring friends; tell Mary and Lizzie to be good girls, and tell Eddy to do what he is told, and not to pout any more; tell brother William I got the blanket he sent me, and it comes quite good these nights. With much love to you all I must now close, and beg you, dear father and mother, not to forget me in your prayers, as I know you will not, and I will strive to live close to my Savior, and should we never see each other again on earth may we all meet in the kingdom of our blessed Redeemer, where life and its sorrows are over.

Nothing more at present, but remain as ever, your dutiful and affectionate son until death.

A soldier named Green, writes the following. He is a shrewd and candid, but very profane person, and is heartily sick of the war:

IN CAMP, NEAR HAGERSTOWN, MD., September 14, 1862.

DEAR JIM: We arrived here yesterday after one of the d—st marches you ever heard of. We crossed over to Maryland on last Thursday week. Ever since we left Gordonsville we have had a h— of a time of it; first fighting with old Pope, then hard marching after the g— d— Yankees, and living on green corn and muddy water, hard fighting, hard fare, and most g— d— hard marching; my feet got so d— sore I was forced to go barefooted. I can hardly get along; our boys are nearly all worn out, but still we are dogged on at the point of the bayonet by our d— unfeeling officers, who don't care a d— for us so we do the fighting and they get the honor of whipping the d— blue bellies. I tell you, Jim, I'm getting most d— sick of this war, and if I had only known when I etered the service that the war would last so long, and we would be led such a d— eternal dog life, I would have run away from the whole g— d— Southern Confederacy, for I begin to think we have been humbugged the d—st by our leaders in this war. What the h— difference does it make to us, Jim, whether we live under Old Abe or Jeff Davis? neither of them care a d— for us more than to do their fighting and their voting, and then we may go to h— for what they care, for they would hardly stoop to * * * * * with either of us.

You must not think, Jim, that I am turning Yankee. I am as good a Southern Rights man as ever, but I believe we have been fooled by a set of g— d— office seeking villians, who are too d— lazy to work, and who have lost good fat pickings by the election of old Lincoln; so they want to set up house-keeping on their own hook, and want us poor white niggers to build their house for them, while they don't care a d— if it falls on us and kills every d— one of us, so that they can keep their d— niggers and grow fat in office. You may think I talk d— queer for a Sergeant in the Confederate army, Jim; but I'll be d— if I don't think it's about time to stop this d— killing off the poor that the rich may grow richer; if the captain was to hear me talk so he would have me reduced and gagged and bucked, or perhaps shot, like poor Max, but I tell you, Jim, I've been thinking a good deal over this matter lately since I got in Maryland. I've talked with a good many Yankees or Union men, as they call themselves here, and they generally talk pretty sensible talk.

They seem to be down on the nigger as much as any one in the South, and say they want to preserve the Union under Government, and I almost begin to think it would be a d— shame to divide it for the sake of a few office-seekers. I have found a great deal of kindness among the people here, and find they don't differ with us upon many points; they only say preserve the Union and let the d— nigger go to h—. They ask us what we are fighting for, and when we tell them for our rights, they say they have *theirs*, all they ever had; and that it would be d— folly for them to join us; and in fact, Jim, to speak candid, I can't fairly see myself what rights we have lost to make such a h— of a fuss about. I find things here quite different from what I expected; we were told that Maryland was ripe for revolution, and as soon as we entered her border forty or fifty thousand would rush to our standard; but we found we had been fooled the d—st, for the people here all appear to be very well satisfied with their condition, and if I can judge from the appearance of the country, and the prosperous condition of the people, I think they have made a d— good hit by staying in the Union, and it would have been a d— sight better if we all had been satisfied with our condition and not made a set of d— fools of ourselves. I am afraid we are in a trap here, and the half of us will never get out. I think it was a d— bad thing in coming over, but we were forced in a manner, as we were nearly starved out, and this is a land of milk and honey—everything in abundance. I tell you, Jim, we live high here to what we used to do in the Old Dominion. We now get salt enough on our meat, which makes it eat a d— sight better than we have been used to. Dear Jim, burn this letter, or it might fall into the hands of some of the officers, and if ours was to hear of it I'd catch h—. Write soon. I hear your regiment is ordered to report to Gen. Smith, in Kentucky; let me know if it is so. I wish you were with us here, as we intend to go in shortly and give the Yankees h—.

ANECDOTE OF A FRENCH MARSHAL.—Some time ago, while at a review, a murderous shot was fired at the late Marshal Castellane, from a regiment of Voltigeurs. He heard the whistling of the ball near his head, and on taking off his cap found that it had lodged in it. Without saying a word to his staff he galloped up to the front of the regiment from which the shot proceeded, and cried out that if he knew the unlucky dog who was such a bad shot he would certainly give him a week in the guard-house. Then turing to his staff he said, "What do you think of this? a follow in a crack corps who misses his man at thirty yards; certainly he ought to be broke." The Marshal would never allow any inquiry to be made into this attempt upon his life; but he resented it against the whole corps of Voltigeus, by never allowing any one of them to mount guard at his quarters.

A MODERN WILLIAM TELL.—A French paper says that three sportmen happened to meet recently at a public house near St. Cyprian, Belgium, and began to talk of their skill in shooting, when one of them, a wealthy farmer, named Cyrille S——, betted that he would hit, at a certain distance, a lantern placed on the head of his son, a boy five years old. A lighted lantern was accordingly placed on the child's head, and cleverly knocked off by a pistol shot, which just grazed the boy's cap. But the affair did not end here, for while the parties were drinking the wine for which the loser had paid, the police came and arrested all three, M. S——, on a charge of endangering his son's life, and the others as accomplices.

BY letters received in Louisville within a few days it is learned that, simultaneously with the attack upon McCook's corps, near Perryville, a rebel force thirty-five thousand strong, under Hardee and Buckner, made an attack upon Gilbert's corps. They were soon repulsed, and that portion of our army were astonished at the sudden withdrawal of the enemy. Their course has since been explained, as Buckner was wounded, and they were left without a leader and commander on whom they could rely. Hardee, it is said, keeps up his old habit of drinking, and whenever he can get liquor, is unfit for duty.

PASSENGER statistics show that within nine months 17,000 people have arrived by sea at San Francisco in excess of departures. These, in addition to a large number of overland immigrants, make the increase of population more this year than since 1852. The overland immigration to Oregon and Washoe this year will amount to about 5,000. The rear of immigration some 500 wagons, was expected at Walla on the 5th of this month.

Who Saved Pope's Army.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Commercial, who signs himself "Fair Play," gives credit to whom credit is due for the protection of Pope's retreat from Bull Run to Washington, after his ill success there. It will be seen that Stephen J. McGroarty, who made the most eloquent war speech of the year, in Urbana, bore a very conspicuous and gallant part. Bully for McGroarty and the 61st Ohio!—

"Night had now deepened, the cold quarter-moon above us; it was nearly nine o'clock; the disaster was inevitable, and the order was given to fall back as rapidly as good order would permit. But the retreat was to be protected. For this dangerous duty—the perilous post of honor—Dilger's battery and the gallant 61st Ohio, Colonel McGroarty commanding, were selected, and nobly did they perform their part. The General and his staff, Geoeral Schurz. Colonel Schemelpfenning, and a host of others, cheering and animating by voice and example, remained to the last with these devoted commands, as they held at bay the foe, become almost fiendish by thir awful losses and the iron resistance opposed to them. One by one the regiments along the lines were ordered to the rear, defiling thence to Centreville. Still, on came the enemy, crowding his masses over his dead and dying, and, apparently, reckless of every consequence. Suddenly there was a panse, then a deafening roar. The gallant Dilger, obeying instructions, had awaited the foe till within sixty paces, when he let fly with all his pieces, loaded with grape and cagister to the muzzle, full in the face. The effect was stunning, McGroarty, in the never to be forgotten red shirt, bareheaded and begrimmed with powder, sang out at the top of his voice, "61st Ohio, *charge!*" and with a rush and a bound the gallant fellows were at them. Oh it was a terrible sight. The curses, groans, cries, and yells, were heart-rending. Dilger, meanwhile, rapidly limbering up, had again retired sixty pieces, and again did he open on them with his murderous fire, and again above the din of battle rang the stentorian voice of the dauntless McGroarty, "61st Ohio, charge—charge for glory and for 'Sigel'!" The effect was electric. The enemy broke—and beaten by those repeated blows, halted and wavered; the masses could no longer be pushed forward, when on came Milroy, thundering like a demigod, and driving them headlong to the wood at the point of the bayonet. One long, loud cheer went up from our side. The fight was over, and our fellows, without the loss of a gun, or a carriage, or a caisson, slowly and steadily wended their way—a slow and weary way—along the Centreville road. Not a word was spoken; the hour was too sacred. But oh how many noble, brave fellows did we leave behind. The sound of an occasional shot and bomb overhead warned us that the enemy were still there; but they had done their worst upon us, and they could do no more.

GENERAL CHARLES T. JAMES who owes his death to the explosion of a shell invented by himself, was a native of Rhode Island, in which state he had long filled high positions. For nearly two years he has from time to time been experimenting with his new weapons at Sag Harbor. About one hundred persons were present on Wednesday to witness the tests of the projectiles. A number of highly successful shots had been fired, when General James determined to remove a cap from the plunger of a shell and put on a new one. But long familiarity with and constant handling of projectiles had made him rather carless, and he used, thoughtlessly, a pair of pincers to remove the cap. The friction ignited the fulminating matter, and the explosion took place, wounding Gen. James in the side of the head, and more or less hurt several spectators who were standing near by.

He represented the State of Rhode Island in the U. S. Senate from 1851 to 1857. He was by profession an engineer, and had superintended the construction of one of the largest manufacturing establishments in New England. Though not professedly an artillerist. Gen. James had devoted his leisure for over thirty years to the study of the science of artillery. His projectiles were in frequent use in our army, and had attracted the attention of foreign artillerists. He was agout fifty-six years of age, and leaves a wife and four children to mourn for his loss.

LARGE quantities of circulars, of various kinds with a business card of the individual or firm printed on the envelope of each, with only a penny postage stamp affixed, continue to be deposited in the post offices. The aforesaid business card subjects the package to letter postage, and such circulars are held for postage, or, when they find their way into the mails, are returned to the mailing office for proper payment. This should not be forgetton by business men, as it leads to trouble and disappointment. A sealed letter, with a business card on the envelope, is not chargable with extra postage.—*Holbrook's U. S. Mail.*

THE abdication of Queen Victoria is again seriously talked of abroad. The Patrie says that the discussion of the measure with her German relatives is the case of the Queen's visit to Germany. The act of the abdication—of course, in favor of the Prince of Wales—will, it is said take place next spring immediately after the marriage of the Prince with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

THE man who first introduced a fanning mill into Scotland was denounced as an atheist for getting up gales of wind when Providence intended a calm.

The Difference.

AN old army officer yesterday gave us the reason why the regulars endure more fatigue than volunteers. When marching, if the regular even cuts his finger he falls into the rear and applies a bandage. The moment he halts for the night, after he eats his rations, his cheek is upon his knapsack and himself in the land of dreams. The volunteer does very differently. If he hurts himself he extemporises some inadequate sort of dressing, and keeps along. When night comes, the chances are ten to one, that instead of taking repose at once, he wearies himself still further by leap frog with his companions, or by playing "old sledge" for pints of whiskey. The regular carries with him nothing that he can help. Not an ounce more will he bear than regulation weight. The volunteer is too apt to leave nothing behind him that he can carry. Every daguerreotype even adds to the weight of a knapsack in a manner that none but those who carry them can adequately understand. In Mexico soldiers threw away money because it chafed their pockets.—*North American.*

Hoist by our own Petard.

TRACING back the history of Congressional appointments in Ohio, the significant fact is shown, that the first election after each decennial apportionment has resulted in defeat of the apportioning party. The party in power when the apportionment is made under each new census, always, more or less, gerrymanders. That is, the party makes up the Districts to secure success to its own friends, and invariably, at the election, gets beaten at its own game. It's all well enough to make the District to suit the party if no violence is done to the provisions of the law under which it is made, and we are not "blowing up" any body for so doing, but merely mentioning the fact, that defeat follows the carrying out of Districts.

The old Democratic party, after the worst gerrymandering the State ever suffered, was "beaten out of its boots," and the Democratic Constitutional Convention that legislated to forever secure power in the State to that party were, very soon "thrashed blind."—*Cleveland Herald.*

An Old Lady's Tribute.

AMONG the other articles received by the Washington Sanitary Commission lately was a good and patriotic old lady's tribute, to be laid on the altar of her country, bearing this inscription:

"These socks were spun and knit by Mrs. Zerush Clapp, ninty-six years old, whose hands in youth were engaged in moulding bullets in the Revolutionary war. Keep the toes of these socks toward the rebels.—*Chestertown N. Y.*"

Sentiment by Mr. Seward.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14, 1862.

To James Parker and others, Mott Haven, N. Y.

You ask for words to encourage enlistments. I give them: The United States. the greatest of all nations if they stand together—the most miserable if they fall asunder.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

LIEUT. WORDEN RECOVERED.—We are happy to know that Lieut. Worden has entirely recovered from the injuries received during the engagement between the Monitor and the Merrimac, and that he will be shortly placed in command of the new Monitors, where his eminent bravery and skill will undoubtedly again redound to the honor of the navy and to the confusion of traitors. The honorable testimonial to him, we believe, is not far from $20,000.

ANECDOTE OF "STONEWALL."—An army correspondent of a rebel journal tells the following incident that occurred in Maryland, between Stonewall Jackson and the ladies. They surrounded the old game-cock; he said, "Ladies, this is the first time I was ever surrounded:"—and cut every button off his coat, and, they say, commenced on his pants, and at one time it was feared, he would be in the uniform of a Georgia colonel—minus all except a shirt-collar and spurs. For once he was badly scared.

THE SECRETARY OF THE STATE OF OHIO TURNS BUTCHER.—Alf. Burnett writes that Secretary Kennon, of Ohio, finding the wounded suffering dreadfully for want of nourishment, purchased a beef, paid for it out of his own pocket, and distributed it through the hospitals. The Secretary is liked very much. It is said he come it over a rebel tanner—selling the hide for $14, when its actual value was only about $2.50.

A DISTINGUISHED clergymen was asked by a gentleman who had doubts about recruiting on the Sabbath, what he thought of it. 'Well,' said the clergyman, 'the Scripture justifies a man in saving his ox on the Sabbath day, and surely our country is worth more than an ox.'

YELLOW fever has made its appearance in several towns in Texas. At Sabine Pass, at the latest news, there had been 25 deaths from it. Most of the people had fled from the place.

GEN. CASS.—The story that is going the rounds of the newspapers that Gen. Cass approves of the President's Emancipation Proclamation is very good—only it is not true.—The general don't think it constitutional.

MRS. PARTINGTON, bless her old innocent soul, thinks our armies have been driving in pickets long enough to have the Confederates fenced in.